10c. A COPY $1 A YEAR

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. III JANUARY, 1909 No. 11

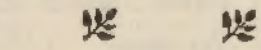
THE MISERY AND KINDNESS OF THE POOR

By ROLAND D. SAWYER.

The hour was getting late, the crowd was thinning out,
I was hurrying home.
Suddenly as I turned a corner I ran unto a typical city scene,
The gathered crowd, the scuffling feet, cries, jeers, shouts, oaths,—
In the gutter a miserable, brutalized, shorn, and drunken specimen of a man
Had his stiffened, weakened fingers twisted in the snarled gray hair
Of his life-long mate, whom he mauled, belabored, kicked, and cursed,
Venting on her the misery with which society had cursed him.
And she, poor wretch, sniveled, begged, groaned, shrieked for help,
And thus, as ever, woman's lot received society's curse plus a man's.
And so I saw the misery of the poor.

By the scruff of the neck a bluecoat carried the man away,
In his turn whining, pleading, praying, begging help.
The woman would have sunk sobbing unheeded to the street,
No State, no Church, nor science, law, religion, or charity to her relief—
When a plump-formed, kind-faced girl of, say, twenty years stepped forth:

The too gaudy dress, the too red lips, too bright eyes, too tense nerves
Bespoke her calling. She was one of those who from olden times
Have in all civilized countries sat in the gates of the cities,
To sell their bodies. She knew in her own life the misery of society;
It made her kind. She put her fair arms about the unkempt, dirty woman,
She bent her head to receive the sickening, disgusting, pitiful caresses,
The craven gratitude of the poor starved soul unused to any kindness.
They went away together, two victims of society's curse.
And so I saw the kindness of the poor.



THE JOYS OF TOURING

Amid all the hardships and difficulties of an unpopular propagandist touring for an unpopular cause, there is one redeeming feature: the train! The train?! I hear my dear friends exclaim, who look upon modern achievements with horror. Yes, the train, with its tremendous speed of forty miles an hour, rushing through the wilds of the West, over huge mountains and through canyons, daring everything, halting at nothing. The train that takes one out of civilization, of stuffy cities, and still stuffier meeting-rooms; that separates one from friend and foe, strife and anxiety; that brings one back to himself, to his own thoughts and fancies, back into a world undisturbed by foreign invaders. At least that's what the train means to me. I don't know how I could possibly weather the storm and stress of meetings, discussions, and debates, were it not for the occasional respite in my only place of refuge—the train. Whatever the end of the journey may bring, while it lasts one is free from police persecution, hall difficulties, bad management of comrades, and even the well-meant care of friends. True, trains have the bad habit of banging up one's body, but they do not tax the brain at least. It is left free to follow its flights, no matter how foolish, and to prepare for new battles and defeats. No doubt,

there are plenty of credulous people who believe that propaganda tours are a continuous performance of fun and ease. But, then, what's credulity if not the belief in the impossible.

Speaking of fun, it really is funny to put oneself up against a world of stupidity, mental laziness, and moral cowardice. If there is anything the world hates, it is to be conscious of itself, to be brought face to face with its own decrepit, hypocritical, rotten self. But the funniest of all things is to witness the frantic efforts of this world to shout and howl down the voice that cries in its wilderness. It's truly a farce comedy. See what mischief riding on a train does. Instead of reporting the joys of touring, I wandered off to the air castles of philosophy. If I were at least a Salvationist, I could sing "I am so happy, Jesus loves me," but being an Anarchist in pursuit of friends for MOTHER EARTH, I can only sing, "I ought to be happy I still have my neck." Which only goes to prove that it must be a bully neck if it could withstand the pulling of the last few weeks.

"Ours is a peaceful country. No room for violence." To be sure, except when we can hoist an Anarchist neck. Everyone wants to have a hand at that, from the bear hunter in the White House down to the policeman on the beat, from the soul-saving minister to the vote-catching Socialist. To all of them an Anarchist neck is like a red rag to the bull; simultaneously they make a dash for it. Poor fools! Will they ever learn that it is perseverance and tenacity that have stiffened Anarchy's neck, till it can withstand the fiercest onslaughts?

But what about the "Joys of Touring"? Well, after we had exchanged Canadian freedom for American despotism, I mean when we left Winnipeg and got to Fargo, N. D., the indefatigable Dr. Reitman succeeded in arranging a meeting within a few hours. He paid for his zeal with a day's chill and fever. Still, we had a splendid meeting and disposed of considerable literature, leaving for the city that is built on a bluff—Butte, Montana.

When I visited this stronghold of the Catholic Church and the smelter owners for the first time, last June, it was only after a strenuous battle with the elements and an expenditure of nearly two hundred dollars. And

when I finally reached this "promised land," I found that all halls had been refused to Emma Goldman, save one dark little, out-of-the-way place. I consoled myself with the thought that every truth had to make its way through obscure and underground channels before it became recognized as such. That my visit of six months ago had not been in vain, was best proved by the interest of those who remained behind and who spared no effort to make my second visit a success. It was altogether due to Comrade Robinson and our dear old friends Annie and Abe Edelstadt, and a few others, that the Auditorium, which was refused last time, could be obtained, and the meetings extensively advertised. The attendance was not very large. Butte boasts of being a strict union town, yet in no other city are the workers so completely in the clutches of the Moloch Capitalism as in Butte. Here he shows himself in all his monstrosity, lurking in every corner, ever ready to devour his victims. As a result, few miners have the courage to attend a public meeting, especially an Anarchist meeting. Those who came certainly deserve admiration. They have proven that even Butte cannot entirely subdue the spirit of liberty. The Social Science Club, which I have organized while here, will—I hope—serve as a nucleus for bringing together the earnest men and women, for study and work. If there is any city that especially needs rebellious, intelligent fighters against our social wrongs, it is Butte, Montana.

Some years ago, when I first visited the State of Washington, I was informed that it rains thirteen months in the year on Puget Sound. I wonder if that accounts for the muddy state of mind of some of its people. At any rate, everything looked muddy, felt muddy, and was muddy in the State of Washington. Spokane was busy showing her apples, and luring credulous people into buying real estate, which is surely the muddiest of all propositions. And as the foolish are ever on the increase, the town was overflowing with that prolific species of humanity. Every hotel and furnished room taken, at double the usual prices. Ditto churches, saloons, and other places of amusement, including halls.

Seattle seems to have muddled up the judgment and

discretion of several comrades. At any rate, every meeting was a muddle, excepting one, which was saved by our getting to the city two days earlier than expected. It was held at the Labor Temple, Sunday, December 13th. Unfortunately, the proceeds of that meeting had to cover the loss of three other meetings. The crowning episode of the Seattle visit was the arrest of Dr. Reitman and myself, which, though not of grave importance for the moment, caused no end of trouble in other places. All this could have been avoided, if the arranger of the meeting had not hypnotized himself into the belief that he had rented the hall, and if he had also not hypnotized the Doctor into believing that a deposit had been paid. Ben Reitman, though young in the movement, is a strong believer in direct action. He thought the hall ours, and simply took possession of it. We found out later, to our sorrow, that our comrade was laboring under an hallucination. The proprietor of the hall felt his miserable property rights outraged and called the police. They came when I was about to get into the hall. They probably wanted to "save me" the climb, so they put me under arrest. After paying the "injured property man" $1.50, we were released. Such are the beauties of ownership. It will drag people to the station house, and even throw them into prison, for the paltry sum of $1.50.

It was only when we reached Everett and Bellingham that we were made to feel the full consequences of the Seattle experience. In Everett the Chief of Police so frightened the city fathers with ghost stories of danger that they decreed I should not speak. Of course, the Chief meant only "my safety," bless his mud-soul. He informed me that I would be thrown into the river, tarred and feathered, lynched and quartered. I assured him that I should enjoy such gracious treatment, but he would not listen to me. Of course, the meeting could not take place. The only thing accomplished in Everett was the statement which the editor of the Everett *Tribune* was brave enough to publish, and which we herewith reproduce for the edification of our readers:

After Emma Goldman had been notified that she would not be allowed to speak here, she came to the *Tribune* office to leave her protest.

"I am surprised," she said, "to find Russian methods in Everett. I offer your good people this:

"Resolved, that the city of Everett, in the State of Washington, should be taken off the American map and turned over to the dominion of the Russian Tsar.

"Free speech! Free assembly! What a glorious principle! We alone, the children of a free country, can lay claim to it. Indeed, we give it to our children with their mother's milk; we give it to them in the schools. How it makes their hearts kindle and bosoms swell with that great refrain: Free speech, free press, free assembly! And yet, and yet, a handful of men, in a stuffy room in the City Hall of Everett, decided on this day of the Lord, December 14, 1908, that freedom of speech may be all right for America but it's all wrong for Everett. Their decision being backed by the power of the club, and might being right, free speech was grabbed by the throat and choked to death. 'My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty.'

"Friday, December 12th, Dr. Ben L. Reitman, acting as my manager, secured Fraternal Hall for a meeting to take place this evening. A deposit was paid after a contract was signed turning over Fraternal Hall to Emma Goldman. No doubt the gentlemen of that hall are law-abiding citizens. The law provides that a contract is binding. Yet these very law and order people are the first ones to break the thing they believe in and demand. They refuse the hall, but forget that they have made themselves liable to damages.

"Another hall is secured, but the Chief of Police, who also believes in law, the law which guarantees free speech and assembly, this great patriot breaks his allegiance to American liberty and orders that Emma Goldman shall not speak. The city fathers, who certainly believe in law, aid and abet the conspiracy to throttle free speech.

"And so it has come to pass that American officials should Russianize an American city, and that henceforth Columbia shall blush with shame over the treachery of her child Everett.

"Yes, but Emma Goldman is an Anarchist. Oh, horrors! But what is Anarchy? How are we to know if Emma Goldman is stopped from expression of her views or telling us what Anarchism means? That's just it. Not Emma Goldman but free speech was stopped. As to Anarchy, after all I do not blame the Chief of Police or the city fathers. Anarchism is a theory of human development, is therefore opposed to stagnation. Anarchism stands for freedom and non-interference, and is therefore opposed to the club. Anarchism stands for righteousness, and is therefore opposed to our social and economic iniquities, with its crime and criminals. In short, Anarchism believes in fellowship and brotherhood. Don't you see why it is offensive to a Chief of Police and city fathers?"

Bellingham will go down in history as the muddiest of all places. The brain of its Chief of Police (Cade is his glorious name; Cad would be much more appropriate) was so muddled, that he could see nothing but

"treason, conspiracy, and outlawry" in the simple attempt to hold a meeting. He arrested Reitman and myself on sight, "with due procedure of law," if you please. He swore out a warrant that deserves to be placed on record. It ran: "Emma Goldman and Dr. Ben L. Reitman, Anarchists and outlaws, having conspired to hold an unlawful assembly," etc. Wonderful rhetoric, isn't it? The detective who began to read to us this Solomonic paper, was so awestricken by the wisdom of his Chief that he lost his nerve and could not proceed. We were escorted to the station house and there ordered to leave the city at once, or enjoy the hospitality of the cells. As this was the first real Washingtonian hospitality, we decided to accept it. Chief Cade did not expect us to be so ready. At any rate, he gave us another chance, at midnight. We again declined, having quite settled down to a night's wake. In the morning we were brought before a mummy, commonly called Judge, who kindly placed us under $5,000.00 bail. Not much for Anarchists, do you say? That's the beauty of living in a democratic country. Every Chief of Police or Judge on the bench is just as good as the Russian Tsar.

The situation was so tragi-comical that we should have dearly loved to see how far the stupidity of authority could go. But I had dates to fill at Vancouver. Therefore we decided to relieve the Chief of the predicament of having made an ass of himself (with apologies to the ass). On the day of reckoning Bellingham will be doomed to perish, not because of its sins, but for its stupendously absurd Chief of Police and its equally stupid Judge. Its ignorant inhabitants may be redeemed in the personalities of Attorney Schamel, who volunteered his services gratis, and of a certain Mr. Lynch, who offered to go bail. Indeed, they were the only bright spot on that horizon of muddy humanity at Bellingham.

Just compare the action of the Bellingham authorities with that of Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, O. The latter not only refused to stand for police interference, but when I lectured in Cleveland, October 22d, the Mayor gave me the use of the public square, where I addressed three thousand people, with only two officers present. If Chief Cade were not such a hardened rascal, Mayor Johnson's liberality would strike him dead.

The more insignificant one's authority, the more important he is apt to imagine himself. This certainly seems to have been the case with the Immigration Inspector on the Canadian side of the border. He had no instructions to annoy us, but his bureaucratic heart swelled with pride at the possibility of saving Canada from one whom the papers had just heralded as an outlaw and conspirator. Poor fellow, he was really much more humane than his trade would indicate. When he saw the "dangerous creatures" in his wretched office, he assured them that he meant no harm. He tried to amend for the trouble he caused by playing the host and serving us with good coffee. And when the wire from Ottawa ordered the Inspector to let us proceed, he became quite talkative and chummy. Never before did the machinery of government seem such a grinding mill to me than when I watched that Inspector in his filthy, squalid little office. Here was a man, apparently well read, intelligent, not unkind, living in dismal, monotonous, dirty surroundings, annoying, bullying, and interfering with people who have never harmed him—all for the sake of a miserable pittance. What could not a man like that do in a sane society? But, then, ours is a mad world. That's why the servants of the law pass their lives where the masters would not permit their dogs to dwell. I sometimes think that the servants are a greater curse to the world than the masters. They are much more numerous and, alas! much more stupid.

After one has enjoyed the blessings of democracy for a time, one is apt to appreciate monarchical rule for a while. I felt quite relieved in Vancouver, after the democratic bulldozing we had received in our own free country. Not a policeman in sight at any meeting. And those who are on the street, courteous and obliging. If it were not unfair to the people of Vancouver, I would suggest that we send our police down there to learn how to mind their business, and not to interfere with free speech. And that is not the only thing "those inferior Canadians" can teach us. In the States a Mark Antony would have to speak before empty benches, unless the yellow journals heralded him as the real Brutus. Sensationalism is the curse of our country. No real interest in anything unless it be a sensation. In Canada

the people are frightened away by sensation. They come to a meeting because they are interested, or not at all. Shall we ever be cured of that terrible poison, yellow journal sensationalism?

Coming to Portland during Christmas week, one could not expect much in the line of meetings. Still, it was worth the effort, if only to rest up from the stress and strife of the Puget Sound experience. Some real hospitality, this time of friends, was for me sufficient recompense for the scanty attendance at the lectures.

The important events of the Portland visit were two debates. One with a Jeffersonian Democrat, Mr. J. V. Barnhill, a man of considerable courage and some reading, who talked about everything under the sun, except Democracy. He expressed grave fear that under Anarchism he would not be able to sell his products. Mr. Barnhill did not impress me as if he could produce anything that others would care to buy. Still, I assured him that he would have all the liberty he wished, without let or hindrance.

The second debate was with Mr. Walter Thomas Mills, a Socialist. I was rather anxious to meet Mr. Mills, as I had heard a great deal about his cleverness and ability. But probably Mr. Mills does not believe in living up to his reputation. At any rate, I could see little of his ability, unless it be his voice, which is so shrill and loud it reminds one of the trumpets at the walls of Jericho. Thus Mr. Mills makes up in quantity of sound for quality of reasoning.

It is interesting to note how our worshippers of majority rule set that fetish aside when it suits their purpose. Mr. Mills was thrown out of the Seattle Socialist Party. Yet when I called his attention to the despotism of the majority, he replied, "Not for me. I am still in the Party, and I have my membership card." Which is analogous to General Bell's exclamation, "To hell with the Constitution!" Logic would ask, Why majority rule, or Constitution at all?

However, there is a great deal more to be said in behalf of Mr. Mills, than for his comrades in Seattle, who were instrumental in his expulsion. He is cultured, impersonal, and fair in dealing with opponents. Not so the present dictator of the Seattle Socialists, Dr.

Titus. I debated with the latter six months ago. The arrogance, superficiality, and lack of principle on the part of Titus were appalling. I had quite decided never to meet him in debate again. Alas, the Socialists of Seattle are so poor in brain and character, that I had to accept Titus in preference to a certain Louis. This man, who claims he does not know Emma Goldman, nevertheless seems to know that she is in the employ of the capitalist class. Fortunately I believe in preventing cruelty to animals, else that insect would have received his deserts. As to Dr. Titus, I hoped that he had read up a bit during the last six months. Not on Anarchism. No, that would be expecting too much from a Catholic whose bible is the Communist Manifesto. The Doctor does not even know his Socialism. Else he would not have made himself ridiculous by telling the audience that Socialists do not bother about the future, that they deal only with the present. Just think of it! The Socialists, who have the most iron-clad programme as to regulating life from its very conception till death doth part, by the industrial mechanism of society. But, then, the Doctor knows better. Just as he knows that Kropotkin is not a bourgeois, that Marx did not annihilate Proudhon, that Bakunin did not disrupt the International, that Emma Goldman is not a tool of the capitalist class, that Anarchism does not mean assassination. He knows all that very well, indeed. Just think of a man using such rot as "arguments" in a debate on Socialism versus Anarchism. Poor Socialism, you have been degraded, compromised, and dragged into the gutter by just such men and such methods. What a disgusting spectacle!

In closing my report of the Joys of Touring, I must not forget to pay tribute to that band of brave warriors who recently beat their way in box cars to attend the I. W. W. Convention at Chicago. Brave, sturdy boys, full of the spirit of revolt, thoroughly disgusted with all political machinations. "Slum proletarians" they were recently called by Pope Pius De Leon. Yes, real proletarians whom political charlatans have misused, only to renounce them when they awakened to their own strength. If ever a real revolutionary industrial movement will draw up its lines to settle accounts with the despoilers of human life, it will owe much to the courage of the

I. W. W. boys of Butte, Spokane, Portland, Vancouver, and other cities.

Altogether, this was an interesting and profitable month. Profitable, though not in worldly goods. Far from it. What does an Anarchist want with that, anyhow? Experience may not pay the printer's bills right away. But it will, in the sweet bye and bye.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

En Route.

❦ ❦ ❦

BLOODY SUNDAY

By VICTOR ROBINSON.

> Refuse not to succor your people; give orders without delay to representatives of all classes in the land to meet together. Let capitalists and workmen be present; let officials, priests, physicians, and teachers all come and choose their own delegates. Let all be free to elect whom they will, and for this purpose let the elections to the Constituent Assembly be organized on the principle of universal suffrage. This is our principal request, on which everything else depends. It is the best and only plaster for our open wounds, without which they will ever remain unhealed, and hurry us on to death. There is no one panacea for all our ills; many are needed, and we now proceed to enumerate them, speaking plainly and candidly to you, Sire, as to a father.—*From the Petition of January 22, 1905.*

Thousands, thousands, thousands,—more than twice ten thousand, all marching to the Tsar. Cruelly cold was St. Petersburg, but that vast multitude walked bareheaded. Loyal subjects of the throne were they, ready to die for the Emperor. They were led by a priest with cassock and cross. In the front rank ikons waved, and pictures of Nicholas II. were held on high. The streets of the capital rang with song, but it was not the Marseillaise they chanted,—it was the Hymn of the Imperial Family. No red flag, like a red eagle, rose in air. No one carried a gun. No double-edged swords clanked at their sides. They had not even stones in their pockets. Was ever before so huge an army so helpless? Their only weapons were yellow faces in which the anguish

leaked through. They had a petition which they wished to present to the ruler of Russia. They felt convinced that if the Tsar but knew of their sufferings he would aid them. No young maidens bearing olive-branches in their little hands could have been more trustful. They arrayed themselves in their Sunday clothes, and they went—as they themselves expressed it—to cry out their griefs like children on the breast of their father.

Cavalry was on one side, infantery on the other, and artillery all around. The gates of the Narvskaya Zastova were guarded by troops. The public squares were full of Ural Cossacks. Novgorod Dragoons stood near the Obvodny Canal. The Neva reflected the uniforms of the Grenadiers. Wide-mouthed cannon gaped on the Troitsky Bridge. A Grand Duke was in command.

The people went marching on. . . . Hope rose in their hearts. In another moment they would be at the Winter Palace, the great White Tsar would appear, they would hand him the petition, they would kneel in the snow before his Imperial Majesty, and he would hear their prayers, and promise that justice would be done to them. The love in their breasts grew greater, the song on their lips grew sweeter. The crowd increased. They walked quicker. They raised the Tsar's picture higher. Already they were in front of the Narva Gate. Then the religious Romanoff who had been bowing all morning to St. Nicholas the Miracle Worker, violated the Fourth Commandment. The snow which was white and cold became covered with something that was red and warm. Had the flood-gates of heaven opened and a reddish rain fallen upon them, they could not have been more surprised. O unfair blood-bath—unexpected butchery—! Before the people had time to cease their singing and clench their fists, they were wantonly slaughtered. They came for a peaceful purpose, and their dying senses saw the rapid galloping of the Cossacks, and heard the rattling and the roaring of the guns. . . .

People without weapons can offer no resistance. They were murdered in bunches. The Cossacks felt at home. Their naked sabres clove straight through the uncovered skulls of the old and young of both sexes. (Maybe if they had their hats on, more would have escaped.) An officer saw a child hiding in a tree. He

laughingly brought the youngster down with a bullet. Students were impaled on bayonets. Girls were torn to pieces. An old woman's head was crushed by a horse's hoof. Her white hair was dyed crimson.

O, the scarlet snow of that Butcher Sunday, when the people's petition was drowned in blood!

Thou tongueless toiler of voiceless Russia, enduring ages of oppression with more patience and forgiveness than we could bear a single insult, enriching others but impoverishing thyself by thy endless labor, allowing any uniformed individual to use thy women for his nocturnal pleasures, let us hope,—poor, dumb, addle-pated block—that the Bloody Sabbath hath taught thy half-witted brains this lesson:

There is only one song to sing to a tyrant, and that is the Marseillaise.

There is only one flag to present to an emperor, and that is the crimson banner.

There is only one argument to use with an oppressor, and that is rebellion.

There is only one manner of marching against a despot, and that is with weapons of war.

But to fall without striking a blow, to go to your death as a sheep goes to the slaughter,—this is a double suicide, a two-fold self-murder, for it saves the autocrat and tears out liberty's heart by the root.

BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG AND "THE MENACE OF THE RED FLAG"

By Dr. M. A. COHN.

Under the caption of "'The Menace of the Red Flag" there appeared what the *Broadway Magazine* for June, 1908, calls a special article by Mr. Brandenburg, President of the National Institute of Immigration. And in view of the rather wide publicity this author gained of late in connection with his arrest and indictment on the charge of having forged the signature of Grover Cleveland to a fictitious anti-Bryan article (upon which our virtuous New York *Times* fell like a vulture upon a decayed carcass), it will be interesting to throw a ray of light upon the "Menace" and its author.

Mr. Brandenburg is now on Blackwell's Island on charges of grand larceny and non-support of his wife, and, irony of fate! is himself menaced, not by the red flag, but by the red, white, and blue.

What will the National Institute of Immigration do without a president, and society at large without its noble protector? And who will now furnish the blood-curdling stories about Anarchist plots and horrible conspiracies our magazines so frequently published from the pen of Broughton Brandenburg? Will he still keep on forging signatures, discovering dark plots, and defending law and order from his point of vantage on Blackwell's Island?

As far as is known there is not a single Anarchist there now; they are one and all of them God-fearing and law-abiding citizens there, and Mr. Brandenburg will have to rely wholly upon his rich imagination, even as he did prior to his incarceration, while unearthing the misdeeds of the revolutionists.

But let us return to "The Menace of the Red Flag."

The pictures that adorn it are a mixture of such terrorists as Benj. R. Tucker, Robert Hunter, Ab. Cahan, M. Hilquit, Clarence S. Darrow, and J. Phelps Stokes, together with Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman, and Ludovico Caminita, of the suppressed *La Questione Sociale*.

As a motto Roosevelt himself, the greatest living authority on everything living or dead, is quoted as follows:

. . . "When compared with the suppression of Anarchy, every other question sinks into insignificance. The Anarchist is the enemy of humanity, the enemy of all mankind, and his is a deeper degree of criminality than any other. No immigrant is allowed to come to these shores if he is an Anarchist, and no paper published here or abroad shouuld be permitted circulation in this country if it propagates Anarchist opinions."

Then the editor comments: "All the great men prophesied that the revolt against the State would come. Henry Ward Beecher, William G. Gladstone, Cesare Lombroso, William McKinley, and (the greatest of all) Marcus A. Hanna."

And in order to prove that the revolt against the State

broke loose, Mr. Brandenburg himself, it seems, ran riot and got himself into jail.

"Now the crisis is close," continues our editor, "and we must be up and doing to meet it *to-day.*" Yes, WE must be up and doing, doing the N. Y. *Times,* doing the Anarchists, the Socialists, doing even the dead Cleveland and your own wife, doing anybody and everybody, like the true savior of society, Mr. Broughton Brandenburg.

The "Anarchist" outrages, such as the attempt to kill Chief Shippey, of Chicago, the assassination of Father Heinrichs, in Denver, he ascribes to insufficient laws; lack of police and secret service equipment; and of public knowledge. "This article," concludes the worthy editor of the *Broadway Magazine,* "aims to supply that knowledge."

Mr. Brandenburg then starts by stating that they are all alien, the agitators and the masses they work on, "save as it has begun to permeate our colleges and universities, and even then foreign professors and translators of foreign books have been the cause of inception."

After relating some fairy tale about a bomb factory of the Anarchists in Maspeth, L. I., discovered many years ago, he reviews the Haymarket meeting of 1886, at Chicago, when a bomb was thrown at the police "as a result of a plot for a general uprising," and that "then the principal leaders and speakers were hanged, and many others imprisoned or driven from Chicago."

Not a word about Governor Altgeld's pardon of the three imprisoned Anarchists and his emphatic declaration of their own and their murdered comrades' innocence. Oh, no. This, though true, would have been entirely beside Mr. Brandenburg's holy purpose of trying to save the thoroughly scared society.

Thus *we* happen to know of only four hanged and three imprisoned Anarchists. He, in his clairvoyance, sees many hanged, imprisoned, and driven out from Chicago. Whither were they driven, Mr. Brandenburg? To Siberia or to the White House? The court records are silent on this score. If they were driven out administratively, like the "politicals" in Russia, only the author can tell us.

"And five years ago," says our informant, "the chief

of police of Chicago (Shippey?) said to me, 'If you were to offer me a thousand dollars to find an Anarchist in Chicago and prove him such, I do not believe I could do it.' But times have changed; they are there now."

And here comes a very significant admission: "One effect of the Haymarket affair has been very bad for the country at large. Through it Anarchy became American, with an American history, American martyrs, and an American development of the creed."

And then comes such a gem as this: "Emma Goldman, the preceptress of Czolgosz," "the mighty Barondess among the red revolutionists who read such authors as Tolstoy, Bernstein, Gorky, Andreyev, Neitzsche (misspelled by our learned author and editor), Spencer and Thoreau" (this last also of foreign importation?).

. . . "Each week-day sees more than one hundred thousand men and boys (what's the matter with the women and girls?) taking the air from their toil in the loft shops, and their talk is always this same thing, some ramification of the growing social revolt."

. . . "The tide is steadily rising," he scares the life out of us all, and tills of the defunct *La Nihil,* which the diseased imagination of Brandenburg characterizes as "a most incendiary periodical published intermittently in various cities," of MOTHER EARTH, the Berkman-Goldman *weekly,* of Michael Bakunin, the *Frenchman* who "formulated Anarchistic conspiracy," and so on, *ad nauseam.*

I would not have soiled my hands with this stuff, but for the necessity of showing who our critics and maligners really are, how much they know about us, and because it is amusing as well as instructive.

"This Frenchman Bakunin," Brandenburg informs us, "wrote a code of 19 rules for the assassin, which is standard to-day," but which he, Brandenburg, the savior and benefactor of the human race, would not print, for "it would be bad as a matter of public policy." . . . "The diabolical ingenuity of this terrible Frenchman's code is amazing, and is regularly put forth by Anarchist agitators in a quiet way. Czolgosz had a copy of it. Pini, who threw the bomb in the French Chamber, knew it by heart word by word."

And Broughton Brandenburg, on Blackwell's Island

for forgery, grand larceny, and wife desertion, knows it all. He knows also that "it is a bold man who will attempt to define Anarchy and Socialism." And as he himself is not bold, he never even makes an attempt to define them.

You see, it is easier by far to talk of assassins' codes, of bombs, plots, menaces, of "red revolutionists" like the mighty Barondess, Tucker, and Hilquit, than to attempt a definition of Anarchy and Socialism.

"The conditions," says our author, "are growing worse. Something must be done at once," though he is frank to say he don't know what.

However, a little later he is gracious enough to suggest that the State must correct every economic abuse, or else be itself destroyed by the abused; all repressive measures will fail dismally, as "executions make martyrs and heroes of beastly murderers." "Deport all Anarchists to their native country or to some insular American possession." (Why not to Blackwell's Island to keep our author company?) "And lastly, strict laws to prevent acts of violence. Look them up in their home countries and watch them at Ellis Island, as you can't tell them from *decent* people. Drive them out even when they are here fifty years, instead of only three years."

"Every corrupt man who is also a man of power is helping Anarchy." (How about our sanctimonious author himself?) "Every corrupt trust magnate, every bit of watered stock, every watered legislator is helping Anarchy, because they give it a solid basis from which to work; they are helping Anarchy because they themselves violate society; they themselves become Anarchy's horrible example from which to argue that all society is rotten and our laws wrong."

"Therefore," concludes our noble martyr, "we must do business on the level." And he did business on the level, only the ungrateful society that he was perpetually saving from inevitable destruction put him in jail.

And was not that same martyr Brandenburg doing business on the level when he tried hard to bribe Gompers on behalf of the President of the Manufacturers' Association, Mr. Van Cleave, to betray the American Federation of Labor?

ANARCHISM AND AMERICAN TRADITIONS

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

(*Conclusion.*)

Public education, having to do with the intellect and spirit of a people, is probably the most subtle and far-reaching engine for molding the course of a nation; but commerce, dealing as it does with material things and producing immediate effects, was the force that bore down soonest upon the paper barriers of constitutional restriction, and shaped the government to its requirements. Here, indeed, we arrive at the point where we, looking over the hundred and twenty-five years of independence, can see that the simple government conceived by the revolutionary republicans was a foredoomed failure. It was so because of—1. The essence of government itself; 2. the essence of human nature; 3. the essence of Commerce and Manufacture.

Of the essence of government I have already said, it is a thing apart, developing its own interests at the expense of what opposes it; all attempts to make it anything else fail. In this Anarchists agree with the traditional enemies of the Revolution, the monarchists, federalists, strong government believers, the Roosevelts of to-day, the Jays, Marshals, and Hamiltons of then,—that Hamilton, who, as Secretary of the Treasury, devised a financial system of which we are the unlucky heritors, and whose objects were twofold: To puzzle the people and make public finance obscure to those that paid for it; to serve as a machine for corrupting the legislatures; "for he avowed the opinion that man could be governed by two motives only, force or interest;" force being then out of the question, he laid hold of interest, the greed of the legislators, to set going an association of persons having an entirely separate welfare from the welfare of their electors, bound together by mutual corruption and mutual desire for plunder. The Anarchist agrees that Hamilton was logical, and understood the core of government; the difference is, that while strong governmentalists believe this is necessary and desirable, we choose the opposite conclusion, NO GOVERNMENT WHATEVER.

As to the essence of human nature, what our national experience has made plain is this, that to remain in a con-

tinually exalted moral condition is not human nature. That has happened which was prophesied: we have gone down hill from the Revolution until now; we are absorbed in "mere money-getting." The desire for material ease long ago vanquished the spirit of '76. What was that spirit? The spirit that animated the people of Virginia, of the Carolinas, of Massachusetts, of New York, when they refused to import goods from England; when they preferred (and stood by it) to wear coarse homespun cloth, to drink the brew of their own growths, to fit their appetites to the home supply, rather than submit to the taxation of the imperial ministry. Even within the lifetime of the revolutionists this spirit decayed. The love of material ease has been, in the mass of men and permanently speaking, always greater than the love of liberty. Nine hundred and ninety-nine women out of a thousand are more interested in the cut of a dress than in the independence of their sex; nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand are more interested in drinking a glass of beer than in questioning the tax that is laid on it; how many children are not willing to trade the liberty to play for the promise of a new cap or a new dress? This it is which begets the complicated mechanism of society; this it is which, by multiplying the concerns of government, multiplies the strength of government and the corresponding weakness of the people; this it is which begets indifference to public concern, thus making the corruption of government easy.

As to the essence of Commerce and Manufacture, it is this: to establish bonds between every corner of the earth's surface and every other corner, to multiply the needs of mankind, and the desire for material possession and enjoyment.

The American tradition was the isolation of the States as far as possible. Said they: We have won our liberties by hard sacrifice and struggle unto death. We wish now to be let alone and to let others alone, that our principles may have time for trial; that we may become accustomed to the exercise of our rights; that we may be kept free from the contaminating influence of European gauds, pageants, distinctions. So richly did they esteem the absence of these that they could in all fervor write: "We shall see multiplied instances of Eu-

ropeans coming to America, but no man living will ever see an instance of an American removing to settle in Europe, and continuing there." Alas! In less than a hundred years the highest aim of a "Daughter of the Revolution" was, and is, to buy a castle, a title, and a rotten lord, with the money wrung from American servitude! And the commercial interests of America are seeking a world-empire!

In the earlier days of the revolt and subsequent independence, it appeared that the "manifest destiny" of America was to be an agricultural people, exchanging food stuffs and raw materials for manufactured articles. And in those days it was written: "We shall be virtuous as long as agriculture is our principal object, which will be the case as long as there remain vacant lands in any part of America. When we get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, we shall become corrupt as in Europe, and go to eating one another as they do there." Which we are doing, because of the inevitable development of Commerce and Manufacture, and the concomitant development of strong government. And the parallel prophecy is likewise fulfilled: "If ever this vast country is brought under a single government, it will be one of the most extensive corruption, indifferent and incapable of a wholesome care over so wide a spread of surface." There is not upon the face of the earth to-day a government so utterly and shamelessly corrupt as that of the United States of America. There are others more cruel, more tyrannical, more devastating; there is none so utterly venal.

And yet even in the very days of the prophets, even with their own consent, the first concession to this later tyranny was made. It was made when the Constitution was made; and the Constitution was made chiefly because of the demands of Commerce. Thus it was at the outset a merchant's machine, which the other interests of the country, the land and labor interests, even then foreboded would destroy their liberties. In vain their jealousy of its central power made them enact the first twelve amendments. In vain they endeavored to set bounds over which the federal power dare not trench. In vain they enacted into general law the freedom of speech, of the press, of assemblage and petition. All of these things we see ridden

rough-shod upon every day, and have so seen with more or less intermission since the beginning of the nineteenth century. At this day, every police lieutenant considers himself, and rightly so, as more powerful than the General Law of the Union; and that one who told Robert Hunter that he held in his fist something stronger than the Constitution, was perfectly correct. The right of assemblage is an American tradition which has gone out of fashion; the police club is now the mode. And it is so in virtue of the people's indifference to liberty, and the steady progress of constitutional interpretation towards the substance of imperial government.

It is an American tradition that a standing army is a standing menace to liberty; in Jefferson's presidency the army was reduced to 3,000 men. It is American tradition that we keep out of the affairs of other nations. It is American practice that we meddle with the affairs of everybody else from the West to the East Indies, from Russia to Japan; and to do it we have a standing army of 83,251 men.

It is American tradition that the financial affairs of a nation should be transacted on the same principles of simple honesty that an individual conducts his own business; viz., that debt is a bad thing, and a man's first surplus earnings should be applied to his debts; that offices and office-holders should be few. It is American practice that the general government should always have millions of debt, even if a panic or a war has to be forced to prevent its being paid off; and as to the application of its income, office-holders come first. And within the last administration it is reported that 99,000 offices have been created at an annual expense of $63,000,000. Shades of Jefferson! "How are vacancies to be obtained? Those by deaths are few; by resignation none." Roosevelt cuts the knot by making 99,000 new ones! And few will die, —and none resign. They will beget sons and daughters, and Taft will have to create 99,000 more! Verily, a simple and a serviceable thing is our general government.

It is American tradition that the Judiciary shall act as a check upon the impetuosity of Legislatures, should these attempt to pass the bounds of constitutional limitation. It is American practice that the Judiciary justifies every law which trenches on the liberties of the people and

nullifies every act of the Legislature by which the people seek to regain some measure of their freedom. Again, in the words of Jefferson: "The Constitution is a mere thing of wax in the hands of the Judiciary, which they may twist and shape in any form they please." Truly, if the men who fought the good fight for the triumph of simple, honest, free life in that day, were now to look upon the scene of their labors, they would cry out together with him who said: "I regret that I am now to die in the belief that the useless sacrifice of themselves by the generation of '76 to acquire self-government and happiness to their country, is to be thrown away by the unwise and unworthy passions of their sons, and that my only consolation is to be that I shall not live to see it."

And now, what has Anarchism to say to all this, this bankruptcy of republicanism, this modern empire that has grown up on the ruins of our early freedom? We say this, that the sin our fathers sinned was that they did not trust liberty wholly. They thought it possible to compromise between liberty and government, believing the latter to be "a necessary evil"; and the moment the compromise was made, the whole misbegotten monster of our present tyranny began to grow. Instruments which are set up to safeguard rights become the very whip with which the free are struck.

Anarchism says, Make no laws whatever concerning speech, and speech will be free; so soon as you make a declaration on paper that speech shall be free you will have a hundred lawyers proving that "freedom does not mean abuse, nor liberty license"; and they will define and define freedom out of existence. Let the guarantee of free speech be in every man's determination to use it, and we shall have no need of paper declarations. On the other hand, so long as the people do not care to exercise their freedom, those who wish to tyrannize will do so; for tyrants are active and ardent, and will devote themselves in the name of any number of gods, religious and otherwise, to put shackles upon sleeping men.

The problem then becomes, Is it possible to stir men from their indifference? We have said that the spirit of liberty was nurtured by colonial life; that the elements of colonial life were the desire for sectarian independence, and the jealous watchfulness incident thereto; the isola-

tion of pioneer communities which threw each individual strongly on his own resources, and thus developed all-around men, yet at the same time made very strong such social bonds as did exist; and, lastly, the comparative simplicity of small communities.

All this has mostly disappeared. As to sectarianism, it is only by dint of an occasional idiotic persecution that a sect becomes interesting; in the absence of this, outlandish sects play the fool's role, are anything but heroic, and have little to do with either the name or the substance of liberty. The old colonial religious parties have gradually become the "pillars of society," their animosities have died out, their offensive peculiarities have been effaced, they are as like one another as beans in a pod, they build churches and—sleep in them.

As to our communities, they are hopelessly and helplessly interdependent, as we ourselves are, save that continuously diminishing proportion engaged in all around farming; and even these are slaves to mortgages. For our cities, probably there is not one that is provisioned to last for a week, and certainly there is none which would not be bankrupt with despair at the proposition that it produce its own food. In response to this condition and its correlative political tyranny, Anarchism affirms the economy of self-sustenance, the disintegration of the great communities, the use of the earth.

I am not ready to say that I see clearly that this *will* take place; but I see clearly that this *must* take place if ever again men are to be free. I am so well satisfied that the mass of mankind prefer material possessions to liberty, that I have no hope that they will ever, by means of intellectual or moral stirrings merely, throw off the yoke of oppression fastened on them by the present economic system, to institute free societies. My only hope is in the blind development of the economic system and political oppression itself. The great characteristic looming factor in this gigantic power is Manufacture. The tendency of each nation is to become more and more a manufacturing one, an exporter of fabrics, not an importer. If this tendency follows its own logic, it must eventually circle round to each community producing for itself. What then will become of the surplus product when the manufacturer shall have no foreign market? Why, then mankind must

face the dilemma of sitting down and dying in the midst of it, or confiscating the goods.

Indeed, we are partially facing this problem even now; and so far we are sitting down and dying. I opine, however, that men will not do it forever; and when once by an act of general expropriation they have overcome the reverence and fear of property, and their awe of government, they may waken to the consciousness that things are to be used, and therefore men are greater than things. This may rouse the spirit of liberty.

If, on the other hand, the tendency of invention to simplify, enabling the advantages of machinery to be combined with smaller aggregations of workers, shall also follow its own logic, the great manufacturing plants will break up, population will go after the fragments, and there will be seen not indeed the hard, self-sustaining, isolated pioneer communities of early America, but thousands of small communities stretching along the lines of transportation, each producing very largely for its own needs, able to rely upon itself, and therefore able to be independent. For the same rule holds good for societies as for individuals,—those may be free who are able to make their own living.

In regard to the breaking up of that vilest creation of tyranny, the standing army and navy, it is clear that so long as men desire to fight, they will have armed force in one form or another. Our fathers thought they had guarded against a standing army by providing for the voluntary militia. In our day we have lived to see this militia declared part of the regular military force of the United States, and subject to the same demands as the regulars. Within another generation we shall probably see its members in the regular pay of the general government. Since any embodiment of the fighting spirit, any military organization, inevitably follows the same line of centralization, the logic of Anarchism is that the least objectionable form of armed force is that which springs up voluntarily, like the minute-men of Massachusetts, and disbands as soon as the occasion which called it into existence is past: that the really desirable thing is that all men—not Americans only—should be at peace; and that to reach this, all peaceful persons should withdraw their support from the army, and require that all who make war shall do so at

their own cost and risk; that neither pay nor pensions are to be provided for those who choose to make man-killing a trade.

As to the American tradition of non-meddling, Anarchism asks that it be carried down to the individual himself. It demands no jealous barrier of isolation; it knows that such isolation is undesirable and impossible; but it teaches that by all men's strictly minding their own business, a fluid society, freely adapting itself to mutual needs, wherein all the world shall belong to all men, as much as each has need or desire, will result.

And when Modern Revolution has thus been carried to the heart of the whole world—if it ever shall be, as I hope it will,—then may we hope to see a resurrection of that proud spirit of our fathers which put the simple dignity of Man above the gauds of wealth and class, and held that to be an American was greater than to be a king.

In that day there shall be neither kings nor Americans, —only Men; over the whole earth, MEN.

"9009"

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

THERE is a significant psychologic similarity between society and the consumptive. The unfortunate victim of tuberculosis dreads nothing more than the mention of his disease; he harbors a deep-seated hatred of the man who alludes to it. But while the consumptive is weak and passive, society never fails to revenge itself upon the man who dares point an accusing finger or unmask a rotten spot.

That is why the pioneer—in all ages and climes—is condemned, anathemized, and crucified as the worst enemy of the people. Pat the world on the back, and you will be acclaimed a great benefactor of mankind. But dare to expose its shams, lash its corruption, break its ikons, and you will be damned as the enemy of humanity, a danger to society. We heap blessings on our flatterers; we crucify the Christs.

But the consumptive is not cured by hiding his symptoms. Though even the slightest allusion to his disease be sternly suppressed, the victim will continue to rot. And thus society keeps on stoning its prophets and——

rotting. Persecutions of the "disturbers" multiply, but the social ulcer grows, spreads, and permeates the whole body. Fortunately, the accumulating stench breeds new accusers, and the voices of the martyred Christs call ever louder from their graves. Slowly, step by step, yet all the time the accusing voices gain in volume, their cry grows louder and stronger, rises and spreads, broadens and widens, till at last it thunders and strikes,—and then comes the avalanche, the revolution.

* * * * * * * * *

"9009"* is such a cry. Messrs. Hopper and Bechdolt, its authors, deserve unstinted praise for the courage of telling the unvarnished truth about prison conditions. For that is what "9009" is—a Fact-Story, without any attempt at embellishment. And because the authors have used nothing but facts, they have succeeded in creating a tremendously powerful story. After all, the most effective things in life are facts. And true facts of prison life are so terrible, so horrifying that their mere recital is sufficient to impress even the dullest imagination. The authors of "9009" have been hysterically criticised for alleged exaggeration, and the book characterized as a "howl for leniency to criminals." Yet there is not a single fact in the story of "9009" which could not be duplicated in *any* prison of this country. Though the book is not biographical of the prisoner John Collins—as the authors inform us in the preface—it is truly biographical of prison, as an institution. Not all the things described actually happened to John Collins. But all of them—and a good deal more—have at one time or another taken place in almost every American prison. And I may add that worse things have happened within the scope of my own experience and observation.

The prison, as an institution, is the mirror of our social life. All the corruption, brutality, and bestiality of modern society—as well as its occasional ray of nobility—is reproduced in prison life in the most elemental force. The law of "survival" is supreme in prison, as outside the stone walls. The independent spirit, fired to rebellion by the sight of injustice and wrong, is mercilessly crushed—

---

* The McClure Company, New York. $1.25.

everywhere. To feel with your fellow man, to voice your protest against evil in authority, to betray a sense of manhood—these stamp you socially unfit. In prison, as outside, the fittest to survive are those who can best "adjust" themselves to conditions where corruption, hypocricy, brutality, and murder are the daily routine. Everywhere in the world, commonplaceness, coarseness, and the levelling of individuality are the test of survival. Their reward is social approval.

The rulers of mankind always represent its *lowest* ideal. The prison authorities are their faithful replica. It were inane to charge this or that warden with responsibility for prison brutality. The cause is rather to be found in a system resting on the foundation of violence, suppression, eradication. We decry personal revenge as a survival of barbarism; we are dutifully indignant, horrified at its occasional manifestation among "the ignorant lower classes." Yet how mild and humane is personal revenge, as compared with the spirit of retribution organized into an impersonal social institution and clothed with all the merciless power of law. Punishment is its watchword; the prison its temple. There it celebrates fiendish orgies, with the wardens and jailors its willing high priests.

Anyone familiar with penal institutions knows that their very atmosphere breathes suppression. The personnel in authority is necessarily represented by the lowest type of man—the discharged police ruffian—whose intellectual horizon never rises above the blackjack and revolver. The occasional half-decent new officer is quickly brutalized by the surroundings. The writer has witnessed ordinarily humane citizens—even young doctors just out of college—transformed in a few months by the surrounding atmosphere of graft, corruption, and irresponsible power, into veritable demons, delighting in causing suffering, obsessed by a very passion of authority.

The inevitable results of such conditions are faithfully portrayed in "9009." The story shows, by the simple recital of provable facts, how society, through sheer stupidity and brutality, creates a monster, which "then it has to destroy (stupidly) at the cost of labor, blood, and (which may concern it more) of much gold." The authors have succeeded in giving a vivid picture of the terrible effects of prison life and "discipline," mercilessly

exposing the alleged claims of penal reformatory influence. Though psychologically not as ambitious as Brand Whitlock's "The Turn of the Balance," "9009" powerfully impresses the reader with the degrading and brutalizing effects of prisons, both upon officers and inmates.

Some stupid critics have characterized "9009" as a plea for more lenient treatment of criminals. The question at issue is far bigger. The prison stands condemned as the most anti-social institution. Society, on the pretext of protection, punishes itself even more than the prisoner. It sows the seeds of violence, degradation, and brutality, and reaps the inevitable whirlwind of human monsters. It is not a question of prison reform. It is the idea of punishment, of authority based on violence, that is at fault. The nearest approach to prison reform is abolition of both prison and man-made law. It is they, and they alone, which are responsible for crime, in and out of prison.

In "9009" Messrs. Hopper and Bechdolt produced a sequel, in a certain sense, to Brand Whitlock's "The Turn of the Balance." As the latter book admirably describes some of the social causes in the process of making a criminal, so "9009" pictures the final act of society, turning the criminal into a universal Ishmael, a human monster. Such books are humanitarian in the best sense. They hold up to society the mirror of its evil deeds. They wake man from his stupid satisfaction with Things as They Are. They fill us with horror at the sight of man's inhumanity to man; with indignation at our silent acquiescence in the crimes of society. They make our pulses beat quicker and our minds more active. They are as yet isolated voices in the wilderness of stupidity and ignorance. But little by little these voices grow in volume and number; soon they will sound deeper, louder, broader, till man is at last awakened from his long stupor, and his eyes opened to our social iniquities.

❦ ❦ ❦

My call is the call of battle, I nourish active rebellion,
He going with me must go well arm'd.
He going with me goes often with spare diet, poverty,
angry enemies, desertion.

—Walt Whitman.

REPORT CONCERNING THE ITALIAN PRISONERS IN PHILADELPHIA

On the 18th of November last, the case of the four prisoners, Francisco Piszicallo, Angelo Troi, Michael Costello, and Dominique Donelli, was brought before the Pardon Board at Harrisburg by Attorney Henry John Nelson. The twelve jurymen who found them guilty had all petitioned for their release; the Central Labor Union passed a resolution asking that the pardon be granted, and a delegate was present to address the Board, if allowed; the Judge and District Attorney, while refusing to sign the petition, sent no protest against it; but the police department sent a protest; in consequence probably of that protest the pardon was refused. The whole financial statement of the committee is as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Anarchist Federation, per Alexander Berkman	$225.20
Group Freie Arbeiter Stimme, per H. Gladstone	50.00
Group Progress, per Alexander Berkman	33.75
Former Phila. Defense Fund, per J. Joffe	25.49
Former Chicago Defense Fund, per J. Livshis	11.50
Chicago Collection, per V. de Cleyre	9.40
Hoboken Collection, per A. Pasanisi	3.00
Haverhill Collection, per L. H. Hugo	5.00
Phila. Collection, per Radical Library	2.70
Syracuse Collection, per Venanzio Maio	1.60
V. de Cleyre, Phila	3.00
D. Glick, Phila	2.00
R. Trelawney, Columbus	2.00
R. Wool, New Haven	2.00
J. Poppers, Chicago	1.00
J. Cohen, Phila	1.00
H. de Cleyre, Phila	1.00
M. Silverberg, Chicago	.50
Mr. Allen, Columbus	2.00
Total	$382.14

EXPENSES.

Legal Expenses of Pardon Case	$220.00
Mrs. Costello, 21 weeks @ $3.00	63.00
Mrs. Donelli, 21 weeks @ $3.00	63.00
Mrs. Donelli, during illness	5.00
Mrs. Piszicallo (Italy)	10.00
Total	$361.00
Balance, Dec. 20, 1908	$21.14

We are endeavoring to arrange lectures during the coming three months, the proceeds of which will be devoted to this fund. Certain active Socialists have also promised to see what they can do to help these unfortunate women and children, whose bread-winners are victims of the direct conflict of Hunger with the Police. But the utmost we can do will hardly be sufficient, and so I ask that all who see these lines and are able, send what assistance they can to me at 531 N. Marshall St., Philadelphia, Pa.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

Owing to my absence from the city during the month of November, the above report has been delayed.—*V. de C.*

TO FRIENDS AND COMRADES

I intend to go on a lecture tour. I will leave Chicago about the first of March and will visit St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, Portland, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane, cities of B. C., Seattle, Butte, Winnipeg, Minneapolis, as well as other places in which meetings will be arranged.

LUCY E. PARSONS.

Please address all communications to Lucy E. Parsons, 619 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

CONTRIBUTIONS

J. Oksanen, City	$1.00
A Friend, Cleveland	2.00
Com. Pinceau, City	2.00
Wm. Colish, Seattle, Wash	4.00

BOOKS RECEIVED

A SKETCH OF SOCIAL ECONOMY FROM THE STANDPOINT OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM. (In Russian.) I. Viétroff, 10, Avenue Reille, Paris.

UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF ALL LAWS AGAINST "OBSCENE" LITERATURE. Theodore Schroeder. New York.

THE RUSSIAN BASTILLE. Simon O. Pollock. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

IMMORALIDAD DEL MATRIMONIO. René Chaughi. Salud y Fuerza. Barcelona.

DIGNIDAD, LIBERTAD, E INDEPENCIA. Ch. Drysdale, Salud y Fuerza. Barcelona.

WHOSE FAULT? Solomon Bauch, New York.

ON THE OPEN ROAD. R. W. Trine. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

THE DEVIL. Ferenc Molnar. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

THE SOUL OF MAN UNDER SOCIALISM. Oscar Wilde. M. M. Breslow Co., New York.

MIND THE BUILDER. A. A. Lindsay, M.D. Lindsay Publ. Co., Portland, Ore.

THE FOLLOWING PLAY OF

HENRIK IBSEN

TO BE HAD THROUGH *MOTHER EARTH*

A Doll's House.....25c
The Pillars of Society.....25c
Ghosts.....25c
Rosmersholm.....25c
The Lady from the Sea.....25c
An Enemy of Society.....25c
The Wild Duck.....25c
The Young Men's League.....25c
Hedda Gabler.....50c
The Master Builder.....50c

Books to be had through MOTHER EARTH

210 E. 13th ST., NEW YORK.

Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal. New Edition, 1907. By Peter Kropotkin..... 5c.

Fields, Factories, and Workshops. By Peter Kropotkin ..... 50c.

Conquest of Bread. By Peter Kropotkin..... $1.00

Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By Peter Kropotkin. Reduced to..... $1.60

Ideals of Russian Literature. By Peter Kropotkin.. $2.00

Mutual Aid. By Peter Kropotkin..... $2.00

The State: Its Rôle in History. By Peter Kropotkin..... 10c.

An Appeal to the Young. By Peter Kropotkin..... 5c.

Law and Authority. An Anarchist Essay. By Peter Kropotkin ..... 10c.

War. By Peter Kropotkin.....5c.

The Basis of Trade Unionism. By Emile Pouget.... 5c.

Evolution and Revolution. By Elisée Reclus..... 5c.

History of the French Revolution. By C. L. James $1.00

Monopoly. By William Morris..... 5c.

Useful Work Versus Useless Toil. By William Morris 5c.